Black

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Black

by JustAnotherFanfictionWriter

Summary

“I hate you,” Will mumbled, “yet I can’t help but feel sorry for you.”
Will turned back to Hannibal.
“I’ve truly killed you, haven’t I?” Will’s voice cracked, despite itself.
Hannibal was watching Will silently. The man was stone. Will searched his eyes, trying to find some kind of answer. Will stood up, approaching Hannibal quietly. Will grabbed the back of Hannibal’s neck, continuing to search through his eyes. Hannibal just said nothing as he gently took Will’s hand off of his neck and kissed it, smiling. Will rolled his eyes, turning away from Hannibal. He walked away, frustrated.

Notes

Please read the story Red first before continuing with this one! WARNING; If you haven't finished Season 2, THERE WILL BE SLIGHT SPOILERS!

Black--Black represents a lack of color, the primordial void, emptiness. It can also mean sorrow or mourning, in the Christian tradition of wearing black to funerals. In this respect it can also symbolize death. Black is also linked to witchcraft (Black Magic), evil, and the unknown, as the predominant color worn by "evil witches" in colonial America. The stock market crash of 1929, dubbed "Black Tuesday" further links the color with loss, depression, and despair.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will was fast asleep, dreaming of his dogs and his home. It had been a while since he'd been there after escaping with Hannibal. Will woke softly when he felt Hannibal get up.

"Sorry." Hannibal said lazily.

Will smiled up at him, resting his head on the pillow. He sighed, closing his eyes and rolling onto his back. He looked up at the ceiling. He felt frustrated. He couldn't dream of his dogs forever.

"How long will you keep me here?" Will asked him suddenly.

Hannibal glanced at Will, who was watching him now.

"What do you mean?" He asked nervously.

"I mean how long are you going to hold onto me?" Will asked, sitting up.

"You and I escaped—." Hannibal started.

"You killed me." Will answered calmly.

Will watched as Bedelia woke Hannibal when they landed in their new city. Hannibal looked around calmly, the pain from his dream still following him. He gathered his bags and followed Bedelia to the hotel, Will following behind. A shadow that Hannibal couldn't see or hear. Hannibal lied to Bedelia, telling her he was feeling tired still. She believed him, allowing him to lay down and sleep. Will cocked his head as Hannibal slept, watching him with care.

Will and Hannibal sat under a tree now, watching the world go by.

"I can't let go." Hannibal said.

Will watched him calmly. He nodded slowly.

"I would appreciate it if you did." Will replied, "I don't want to be stuck here anymore. I want to see my dogs, I want to fish with Abigail."

Hannibal looked back at Will. He was pained. Will saw it, but didn't react to it.

"Don't you have any feelings of love for me?" Hannibal asked.

"I did. Once." Will answered.

"Then for me, can you go back to then?" Hannibal begged.

"No." Will replied, "This here, is my world. You bring me here."

The pair fell silent as Will leaned against Hannibal. Hannibal sighed, wrapping an arm around him. Will didn't push his arm away. Will changed the scenery with a quick

thought to home, and they were on his porch. Hannibal jumped up, looking around frantically. Will's dogs looked at them, confused.

"I told you, Hannibal." Will said, "I control this world."

"This is my dream." Hannibal said, looking back at Will, "I should control it."

"I've killed you, Hannibal. Your soul drowned, remember?" Will said, "You're consumed by guilt. All you can think of is how you killed me. How much you *hurt* because of it. You never wanted to, but here we are."

Will smiled softly at the man. Hannibal only flinched and looked away.

"Since you're so focused on me, you don't care where we are. You don't care what we're doing. So long as you can see and touch me." Will answered softly.

Will walked to Hannibal and touched his cheek, smiling. Hannibal wouldn't look at him.

"I feel pity for you." Will whispered, "A creature so mighty falls to one so weak."

Will kissed Hannibal softly after he spoke. Will broke the kiss quickly, stepping to tend to his dogs.

"If you so desperately want control, I can make a deal with you." Will said after a while of silence. Will turned, noticing that Hannibal was paying attention.

"I'll give you control on where we are, and I get control of what we do and who is with us." Will said.

"That isn't much control." Hannibal said.

"No." Will replied calmly, "You don't deserve complete control."

Hannibal almost spoke, but was silenced by Will's raised eyebrow. He only nodded silently.

Will watched as Hannibal woke up again. It was morning. He sat in bed longer than he normally would have. He seemed to be upset. Will walked around the bed, watching Hannibal. He eventually heaved himself up, rubbing his shoulder. His head hung low. Will almost felt sorry for the man. He watched Hannibal stand up. He looked into Hannibal's eyes. They looked almost the same. It was a different kind of dead eyes, though. Will had seen a fire behind them before, but now they were empty.

Will felt conflicted. On one hand, Hannibal was dead. Will won. However, did he really want victory? Would he be able to forgive himself for this? Will followed Hannibal throughout his day as he tried to forget about Will. Will knew he was trying to let go, for Will's sake. Not for his own. He almost regretted drowning the man in his own sorrows.

The evening came swiftly, and Hannibal went to bed after making him and his therapist some food.

"You look sad." Hannibal pointed out, as they sat in his kitchen.

Will felt like breaking inside. He wanted to share with Hannibal all that he felt. He didn't. He only looked away, towards the guests he'd filled the room with. He couldn't hide the tears as they flowed from his eyes.

"I hate you," Will mumbled, "yet I can't help but feel sorry for you."

Will turned back to Hannibal.

"I've truly killed you, haven't I?" Will's voice cracked, despite itself.

Hannibal was watching Will silently. The man was stone. Will searched his eyes, trying to find some kind of answer. Will stood up, approaching Hannibal quietly. Will grabbed the back of Hannibal's neck, continuing to search through his eyes. Hannibal just said nothing as he gently took Will's hand off of his neck and kissed it, smiling. Will rolled his eyes, turning away from Hannibal. He walked away, frustrated.

"Just let me go." Will said, "If you're not going to answer me."

Hannibal said nothing. Will looked at him. Will wanted to scream as he made the guests disappear. He turned away from Hannibal. He paced the room, wondering what it must be like to be in Hannibal's mind at the moment.

"Will." Hannibal finally spoke.

Will turned to Hannibal. Hannibal was presenting food, which Will rejected. He made the plates vanish, folding his arms and staring at Hannibal.

"What?" Will asked.

"You have killed me." Hannibal admitted, "I didn't realize how much your death would kill me. I should be proud that you were my last victim."

"Were?" Will asked.

"I'm not planning to kill any longer." Hannibal replied, "As a matter of fact I'm not even alive."

"I beg your pardon?" Will asked.

"I couldn't live without you." Hannibal sighed, "I couldn't let you go. This is the only way for me to."

"What did you do?" Will asked, concerned.

“Poison. I laced my wine with it.” Hannibal replied, “I went to bed early. But you knew that, didn’t you?”

The pair now stood in Hannibal’s hotel room. Bedelia was awake, and watching Hannibal. Will walked to the man standing before him and cupped his cheek. Hannibal was alive, and felt warm. Bedelia checked Hannibal’s pulse and gasped in fear, shooting out of bed. She called the hotel lobby, telling them they needed an ambulance.

“We won’t be together.” Will answered.

“Maybe not.” Hannibal replied, “However you are free. Go.”

Will felt tears rolling down his face. He felt like he was choking. Will felt like he was being pulled away from Hannibal. He fought whatever was pulling him to grab Hannibal’s neck. He gave the man a parting kiss.

“Thank you.” Will whispered, before finally disappearing.

Hannibal watched where Will once stood, sighing. Bedelia was most likely going to hold onto him now. Hannibal sighed, preparing his kitchen. He had a *lot* of cooking to do.

End Notes

Sorry this wasn't as long as RED. I just couldn't like...keep it sad, you know? Anyway, I hope you all liked it.

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